I Wouldn't Mind

brams_oreos

I Wouldn't Mind by brams_oreos

Category: IT (2017)
Genre: A teensy tiny bit of angst, Aftermath, Angst, Angst with a Happy Ending, Bisexual Richie Tozier, Boys In Love, Boys Kissing, But not that much, Canon Compliant, Crying, Fluff and Angst, Gay, I promise, Light Angst, M/M, Reddie, Sort Of, Swearing, barely any though, but barely any I swear, it's 2am, laughing, see this is a happy fic, these tags are a mess
Language: English
Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier
Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier
Status: Completed
Published: 2017-09-25
Updated: 2017-09-25
Packaged: 2020-01-20 19:26:46
Rating: Teen And Up Audiences
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,212
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

“Richie…” he said quietly, opening his eyes and letting them drift from the ceiling to Richie’s face, ”why’d you do it?”

Richie looked up from where he was staring at the floor, “do what?” He asked.

“When… when the clown was coming for us, and we thought we were going to die, you kept making me look at you. Why?”

I Wouldn't Mind

Author's Note:

> This is probably very Bad but I wanted to post again so here have this mess.

Eddie stared out of his bedroom window sadly, cradling his newly casted broken arm with his unharmed one. The moon shone brightly over Derry, the streetlights flickering slightly. He probably wouldn't be allowed out of the house or to even interact with his friends for weeks, or even months, after this incident, it was going to drive him crazy.

He sighed, turning around and climbing into bed carefully so he would be in a comfortable position with his arm. He pulled the cover over him and settled down to sleep, already knowing that it was probably useless to try. He knew he wouldn't be sleeping tonight.

A sudden quiet tapping on his window made him jump and freeze in fear. He was facing the wall, so he reluctantly rolled over and moved his gaze to the window.

Richie grinned from the other side, waving at him and gesturing for Eddie to let him in. Eddie let out a breath he didn't know he was holding and crawled out of bed, making his way over to the window and opening it so Richie could sneak inside.

"You took your sweet time letting me in." Richie said once he'd entered.

"I wasn't expecting you." Eddie replied, watching as the other boy shut the window.

"I would've called in advance, but I don't think your mother would've approved, which is funny, because she definitely approved last night-"

"Beep beep, Richie." Eddie rolled his eyes as Richie stopped talking, sitting back down onto his bed. Both boys were silent for a moment,

“so why are you here?”

Richie put a hand over his heart dramatically, “and here I was thinking you wanted to see me!”

Eddie sighed, not really in the mood to deal with Richie right now, lying down on his back and staring up at the ceiling. “I never said I didn’t, just wondering why you couldn’t wait until tomorrow.”

“I thought you’d want some company.” Richie said, shrugging, he sat down next to Eddie’s legs on the bed, “after everything that happened today.”

Eddie bit his lip, refusing to look at him. He had literally almost died today- they all had, but Eddie had come close twice.
Being that close to the clown, with it laughing and drooling all over him… Eddie felt sick just thinking about it.

Even though neither experience was especially pleasant, Eddie would say the second experience was better than the first, for no reason other than that Richie was right next to him. He closed his eyes, remembering the way Richie had continuously pulled his face towards him, making sure his gaze never stayed on the clown for too long, even though Richie must’ve been way more scared than Eddie was, since he was actually afraid of clowns.

“Richie…” he said quietly, opening his eyes and letting them drift from the ceiling to Richie’s face, ”why’d you do it?”

Richie looked up from where he was staring at the floor, “do what?” He asked.

“When… when the clown was coming for us, and we thought we were going to die, you kept making me look at you. Why?”

Richie looked away, biting his lip thoughtfully. “I didn’t want you to be scared.” His voice was so quiet Eddie had to strain his ears to hear it, “I was absolutely terrified, and so was everyone else, and I thought we were going to die, and you were just sitting there crying and screaming and I wanted to make you feel better, so I thought stopping you from looking at that clowns ugly face would help.”

Richie sniffed, and it almost sounded like he was crying, “I also just… I thought I was dead, that it was over, r-i-p trashmouth tozier, died a virgin even though he told everyone differently.” Richie sniffed again, a weak chuckle escaping from his lips, Eddie listened intently, his heart beating slightly faster than it had been before he’d asked Richie the question.

“I wanted to stop you from being scared, I really did, but I also- I wouldn’t have minded it if…” he trailed off.

Eddie sat up, and Richie turned and looked at him, his eyes glistening with unshed tears.

“Spit it out, trashmouth.” He said softly.

“If I was going to die…” Richie said quietly, avoiding eye contact, “I wouldn’t mind if you were the last thing I saw. I wouldn’t mind if it was with you. And if you were going to die, I’d prefer for you to be staring at me during your last moments than some ugly ass clown motherfucker.”

Eddie tried to hide the look of shock on his face and nodded, he’d be lying if he said he wouldn’t prefer that too.

A single tear slid down Richie’s cheek, and Eddie quickly moved and wiped it off with his thumb, his hand cupping Richie’s cheek as he did. He hesitated before pulling it away, and instead moved closer, so close that he could feel Richie’s breath on his lips, and it didn’t even gross him out like it usually would.

He didn’t know what he was doing, but it felt right in the moment. So, so right. Eddie closed the gap between them and gently pecked Richie’s lips, pulling away so fast it could barely be considered a kiss, his heart thudding against his chest. Richie reached up with his hand and traced his lips with his fingers, his eyes wide.

Eddie froze, “I…I’m sorry.” The realisation of what he’d done dawning on him suddenly, “shit- I’m so sorry… oh my god Richie I’m sorry! Please don’t hate me! I don’t know what came over me!”

A smile slowly spread on Richie’s face, and while Eddie was glad that

the boy was no longer on the brink of tears, he was still freaking out over what he'd just done. He'd kissed Richie. Oh god- he'd *kissed* Richie. Eddie was about to have an asthma attack.

"W-why are you smiling?" Eddie asked, "this isn't funny! Stop it! I'm freaking out right now and you're just-"

Richie silenced him by leaning in and kissing him this time, reaching up and gently cupping the back of Eddie's neck with his hand. Eddie tensed, but quickly relaxed as he closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling of Richie's lips pressed against his own.

When they finally pulled away, Richie took one look at the shocked look on Eddie face and immediately started laughing. Eddie remained silent, a soft "oh" escaping his lips as he took in what had just gone down.

"Y-your face!" Richie laughed, almost falling off of the bed.

"Beep beep Richie!" Eddie told him, shoving his shoulder lightly, although he didn't try to stop a smile from creeping onto his face.

Richie didn't stop laughing, so Eddie went to shove him again, finding himself caught off guard when Richie simply grabbed his hand and laced their fingers together.

Eddie looked down at their now intertwined hands and rolled his eyes. "That may just be the cheesiest thing you've ever done."

"You know you love it." Richie smirked.

Eddie didn't reply, knowing that the statement was true. He smiled at Richie, and the two boys managed to lock eyes for a moment before both bursting out laughing again.

Author's Note:

You can follow my It/Reddie tumblr btw: @gazebo-eds